

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 3.]

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1842.

[VOL. II. 1842.]

Original Communications.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—No. XI.

THE CONSECRATION OF ST. NICHOLAS. BY PAUL VERONESE.

THIS elegant *tableau* was painted as an altar-piece for the church of San Nicolo de Frari, and abounds with the beauties which throng the works of this famed artist. The subject is the consecration of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, a town of Anatolia, in Western Asia. The kneeling figure of the saint expresses, in the highest degree, a sense of humility and devotion, while the prelates and ecclesiastics assisting at his

investiture are full of truth, and display a nobleness of conception. The figure of the angel descending from heaven with the mitre and crosier is not only explanatory of the subject, but it is poetically conceived. The faces of the respective persons introduced are dignified and suitable to individuals who held such important offices, and had such an affair of moment to transact; the positions are graceful, and the vest-



THE CONSECRATION OF ST. NICHOLAS.

ments, both for their shapes and materials, are excellent, while the perspective is good, and the colours fresh and lively.

Paulo Cagliari, commonly called Paul Veronese, belonged to the second epoch of the Venetian school. He was born at Verona, in the year 1532. His first studies were under the cognizance of his father, who was a sculptor of some eminence, then he

studied under Antonio Badile, his uncle; but among all the eminent artists of his day, he attached himself most to the manner of Titian, whose inimitable light and shade he vainly essayed to equal.

In Paul's time, it was customary among the students of Verona to copy with the greatest fidelity external beauties; they therefore surpassed all other artists in de-

lineating architecture, dresses, and ornaments, but all the while forgot the most essential part—sentiment. This attracted the notice of the discriminating Paul, who immediately set about adding mind and spirit to the picturesque. He, however, like many of his predecessors of genius, was neglected by his countrymen, and ultimately compelled, by the powerful mandate of poverty, to quit his native place, after having, in the opinion of all save his own countrymen, far excelled the Mantuan painters who were then struggling for pre-eminence. He left behind him a Madonna between two saints, of exquisite beauty, and matchless in point of form.

He then pursued his way to Venice, and afterwards to Rome, where from the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael he acquired that breadth of idea which characterizes all his allegorical and mythological pictures. Lanzi, in speaking of him, says—"When at Rome, his imagination seemed to revel in every piece painted by his hands, but particularly in that which may be called the Apotheosis of Venice arrayed in regal costume, seated on high, crowned by Glory, celebrated by Fame, attended by Honour, Liberty, and Peace. Juno and Ceres are seen assisting at the spectacle, as symbols of grandeur and felicity. The summit is decorated with specimens of magnificent architecture, with columns; while lower down appears a great concourse of ladies, with their lords and sons, in various splendid habiliments, all represented in a gallery; and on the ground are delineated warriors upon their chargers, arms, ensigns, prisoners, and trophies of war. This oval picture presents us with a union of those powers with which Paulo so much fascinates the eye, producing a general effect altogether enchanting, and includes numerous parts all equally beautiful; bright aerial spaces, sumptuous edifices, which seem to invite the foot of the spectator; lively features, selected from nature, and embellished by art."

The taste of this distinguished artist was perhaps better adapted to large than to small compositions. In the latter, his colouring, his principles of *chiaro-oscuro*, and his correctness of design, evinced the painter; yet in the former, he displayed all the fire of his imagination and the fertility and magnificence of his invention. In most of his large works, he was either the associate or competitor of Tintoretto; and though the one was superior in some particular point, the other was the master in others. Tintoretto certainly imitated nature with superior force and vivacity, and more truth of colour, but Veronese was superior in his invention, and displayed more grace in his figures and more dignity in his characters. The desire for fame in Paul was, perhaps, equal to his great

powers, and the loftiest themes were always the subjects selected by him. If at times desired to paint in company with Tintoretto or some other eminent artist, he expressed his delight, gave way to the impulse of his imagination, and produced such astonishing compositions as excited the wonder of all. The procurators of St. Mark proposed a premium of a massy gold chain for the best picture, painted by Guiseppe, Salviati, Battista, Franco, Schiavone, Zalotti, Frasina, and Paul Veronese, to be judged by Titian and Sansovino. The pictures were produced, and the prize was awarded to Paul, who, to shew a sense of the honour conferred upon him, usually wore the chain round his neck. Figures, seated round a table, either in conversation or engaged in study, formed one of his favourite subjects. "The Marriage of Cana" exhibits one hundred and thirty figures, among which are many portraits of princes, and other eminent men who lived in his day.

The depth of Veronese's colouring is much admired, both at home and abroad, and his pictures glow with that peculiar grace which he shed around them. "A remarkable specimen," Lanzi observes, "is seen in that belonging to the noble house of Pisani, exhibiting the family of Darius presented to Alexander, which surprises as much by its splendour as it affects us by its expression. Equal admiration was at one time evinced for his 'Rape of Europa,' which he drew upon a larger scale, in various groups, much in the same manner as Correggio, in his Leda. In the first, she appears among her virgins in the act of caressing the animal, and desirous of being borne upon him; in the second, she is carried along, applauded by her companions, as she enjoys the scene, riding along the shore; in the third (the only one in grand dimensions), she cleaves the sea in terror—in vain descried and lamented by her virgin train."

This great artist was highly esteemed by all the principal men of his time, and admired by all his contemporary artists, as well as by those who succeeded him. Titian esteemed him so much that he used to say that Paul was an ornament to his profession. He died of a fever, in 1588, and was buried in the Church of St. Sebastian, where a statue of brass was erected to his memory.

ON THE GROWTH OF PLANTS IN CITIES.

(Concluded from p. 19.)

THE reasons why plants freely exposed in towns do not flourish are these—firstly, from the deficiency of moisture in the air, arising chiefly from the rapid drainage of the surface; secondly, from the large

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quantity of sooty particles in the atmosphere; these settle on the leaves, clog up the innumerable breathing pores with which every leaf is covered, prevent the respiration that is requisite to the well-being of the plant, and so cause its decay, and, usually, its death. Consequently, we find that plants whose leaves are covered with a fine down, or hair, suffer much more than those whose leaves are smooth, from the former catching the soot more readily; whilst plants, whose leaves are covered by a sticky, resinous secretion—as, for instance, almost all the fir tribe—suffer extremely. Now, it is evident that plants growing in glass cases cannot perish from either of the causes mentioned; the air within the glass is charged with moisture to the full extent, and the plant is also protected from the deposition of sooty particles. If we reflect on the other means of growth required by plants, we shall find that they are all present in the glass case;—such as the soil, for the roots to expand in, warmth and light; the two latter of which readily penetrate the glass. Moisture is present in sufficient quantity, and air. But do not plants require fresh air? is a question we have been often asked. In answer to this, it may be stated that they do require a change of air in the vessel in which they grow, and that they obtain it in the following manner:—Immediately the air in the glass case is altered by the breathing of the plants, an interchange, from the nature of the air outside, begins to occur through the oiled silk or India-rubber with which the vessel is tied over—the outer air passes into the case, and the altered air in the interior passes out. This action goes on until the air contained in the vessel is exactly similar to that without. If the plants are covered with a bell-jar, this interchange takes place through the earth—and if they are confined in a glass-house, through the thousand small apertures that must exist in it. It is the same power that forces the hydrogen gas in an air balloon to escape through the varnished silk, thus causing the descent of the aeronaut, that, in our cases, supplies the interior with a change of air.

One point worthy of notice was accidentally omitted in our last:—the plants sometimes become mouldy in the cases; this arises from excess of water, which is easily remedied by allowing the glass to remain off, till a portion be evaporated.

It only remains for us to correct two mistakes in our last article:—the quotation from the *Moretum* of Virgil should have been,

"*Though scant for space, with varied herbs
o'erspread*"—

and the word "*mesembryanthemums*" should not have been divided.

WM. BERNHARD.

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

(Continued from p. 22.)

FROM that moment, faithful to the resolve of her noble disinterestedness, Suzette uttered not a word, suffered not a gesture to escape her, which could betray either what she was or what she suffered. Her intercourse with Clotilda was the calm and gentle and grateful reception of the lessons, the counsels, the endearments, which the generous girl delighted to lavish upon her friend and sister.

But when with Madame de Pons, how painful was the restraint! How difficult to give to her trembling voice the tone of mere respect, to school the beaming glance of affection into the look of mere deference! This was indeed a struggle, and a daily and hourly struggle, for never did she behold the mother of whom she had thus a second time been deprived that her heart was not in her eyes, upon her lips. This perpetual struggle at length undermined her health; and "fat, rosy Suzette," as Clotilda had laughingly called her, while with ready tact catching up the tone of manner, the refinements of habit, and the accomplishments of her young foster sister, seemed to catch from her also the pale cheek, the bent and fragile form, and the pensive look of habitual suffering.

Two years passed in this way: but there was one eye that noted the secret struggle—one Being upon whom a single pang endured by the heroic young creature, in her generous self-sacrifice, was not lost; and that compassionate God, who alone knew how severe was the trial, ordained that it should be shortened.

One day the Baroness de Pons had gone out alone to make some visits. It was long past the hour fixed for her return; still she came not. The two young girls, in great uneasiness, had stationed themselves in the balcony to watch for her arrival, when they saw the carriage returning, apparently much injured, as if from some accident, and Madame de Pons taken out of it senseless, and, as it seemed to their terrified glance, lifeless. At this sight, Suzette exclaimed in anguish—"My mother!—my mother!—she is dead!" Clotilda uttered a cry of anguish, and fell into the arms of her sister.

The horses had run away and upset the carriage, and Madame de Pons had fainted. The physician was sent for, but she was already quite recovered, and asked for her daughter.

"If you please, my lady," said the waiting maid, "*Mademoiselle Clotilda* has been so much alarmed, that it would be more prudent not to see her till she has had a little time to recover from her fright. If your ladyship would lie down for a while,

my young lady would by that time be more composed."

"You are quite right, Gertrude," said Madame de Pons; "implore of her, from me, to be calm. Doctor," added she, "pray go to my daughter, she requires your care more than I do."

The soft, sweet voice of Suzette, assuring her that Madame de Pons was only alarmed, and was now quite well, had just recalled Clotilda to consciousness, when the physician entered. He found her very ill—the shock had been too great; and that weak frame and tender nature had wholly given way. The doctor ordered a composing draught, and left her to the care of Suzette.

"Dear Suzette," said Clotilda, "I am dying. It is very young to die, to leave my mother, my sister! My head is quite confused. Was it a dream, or did I hear you say, 'My mother! my mother!' when we saw mamma brought back insensible? At this instant, I recall a thousand times when your lips appeared forming the word 'Mother!' and then your face suddenly crimsoned. How many confused recollections crowd upon me at this moment! What does it all mean? Those eyes—that marvellous resemblance! Am I mad? Merciful Heaven! there have been such things as children changed at nurse. Suzette, you answer not—you hesitate—you are torturing me—speak!—speak!—you would kill me, if my mother's fainting form had not already broken my heart."

Suzette threw herself, weeping, into Clotilda's arms.

"Ah! you will not speak—you fear to tell me the cruel reality; but remember, suspense—suspense is tenfold suffering."

"Be calm, dearest, be calm. When you are well again, I will explain all," said Suzette; and fondly embracing her, endeavoured to soothe her into something like composure.

"I know all!" continued she, with feverish excitement. "That letter,—that letter contained the fatal secret. I see it all. For two years, sweet angel, you have been content to receive at my hands what was your own, and not one word said, 'What you give me is my own'—you have sacrificed everything to me; and while I was robbing you of a mother's affection, of a mother's caresses, you suffered, you wept in silence. Often did I see you weep—and, insensible and selfish as I was, I guessed not, I knew not. Suzette, I may restore to you *all*; but how atone for those two years of disinterested devotion! My life, my life is a poor offering for the happiness you permitted me to enjoy. Suzette, I am dying!"

"Oh, my sister!" cried Suzette, pressing Clotilda to her bosom, "you have nothing

to reproach yourself with—you have been an angel to me. I came to brave you, and your gentle goodness disarmed me; I rejected your caresses, and you did but redouble them. I was rude and ignorant, and you have cultivated my mind, and refined my taste—you have given me more than I could give to you. All that I am, all that I enjoy, I owe to you."

"Thy heart is like thy sweet face, my own sister," continued Clotilda, with her tearful eyes fixed upon Suzette; "but tell me how I deserved from thee so vast a sacrifice. Didst thou love me, then, before I knew thee?"

"I did not love thee then, Clotilda—forgive me! I did not love thee then; but was this a reason that I should kill thee, and thou so frail and delicate?"

The two young creatures were silent for a moment; locked in each other's arms, they mingled their tears. The approach of a light step made them both start.

"Here is my mother!" exclaimed both at the same instant; but Clotilda repeated, in a tone of bitter anguish,—*"My mother! I have no mother!"*

"Hush, sweet sister," whispered Suzette, why need we deceive her?"

Clotilda spoke not, but she looked her thanks, and that look thrilled to the very heart of Suzette. The door opened, and Madame de Pons entered.

"I have alarmed thee, my child," said she; and then, startled in her turn by the change that had passed upon those fair young features, she cried in terror—"Be calm, dear child, the doctor will be here soon. Oh, be calm, my sweet Clotilda!—drive me not to despair—have pity on thy poor mother!"

"Mother!" murmured Clotilda, almost inaudibly, laying her head on the bosom of Madame de Pons, who now gave way to convulsive sobs—"Mother, I die in your arms—I die happy! Blessings on thee, Suzette—blessings on thee—be happy in thy turn!"

The dying girl extended her hand to her foster sister; Suzette covered it with her kisses and her tears. And now the arms of Madame de Pons encircled a lifeless corpse. She was forcibly separated from it; and Suzette, bathed in tears, bore her mother to her room. There, at a moment when in a paroxysm of dark despair, Madame de Pons exclaimed—"I have nothing now to live for—my child!—my child! Alas! alas! I have now no child!"

Suzette threw herself at her mother's feet, presenting to her the letter that contained the confession of Dame Margeret, and Madame de Pons fell senseless into the arms of her second Clotilda!

A. H.

BURFORD'S PANORAMAS.

CABUL.

CABUL, the metropolis of Afghanistan, stands on a plain of considerable extent, at the foot of two mountain ranges. From the Asha Mahi, the western of the two hills, the whole city and surrounding country is seen at a glance. In this elevated position the drawing was taken, from which the present panorama was copied. The course of the Cabul, a small, but clear and rapid river, is perceived dividing the city into two equal parts. On its right are the principal buildings, the bazaars, the fortress of the city, the royal palace, &c.; on the left bank is a considerable suburb, and many detached houses; and towards the east is an immense plain, interspersed over which are meadows, orchards, gardens, and vineyards, in a high state of cultivation and luxuriance, with here and there the castellated mansions of the Afghan chiefs; the whole is bounded by mountains of the most picturesque forms and of great height, the peaks of some are covered with eternal snow. The varied charms of this landscape have been celebrated by many Persian and Hindoo writers. This description is admirably depicted by Mr. Burford's panorama—it is, in fact, one of the most beautiful we have seen: the figures are very numerous, well drawn, and skilfully grouped; and great pains have been taken to represent accurately the individuals of different countries or castes, in their respective costume; but what we admired most was the perspective, which is marvellously well executed.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THIS picture possesses considerable merit as a painting: the figures, both of men and horse, are well drawn and naturally coloured, and the grouping is skilfully managed; the distant landscape, also, displays great artistical skill; the whole giving an admirable representation of that tremendous day.

The view is taken from the plateau in the rear of the farm of La Haye Sainte, near the spot from whence the Duke of Wellington directed the operations during most of the day.

The time represented is that when the Guards, having delivered their fire, commenced charging the imperial columns, and Wellington gives the word for the whole army to advance. The sun, which had been hid during the whole day, at this moment bursts through the watery clouds, and is depicted with great truth to nature, shedding its glorious light far and wide over that sanguinary field. We may as well mention that several events which took place at different periods of the day, and which may be termed the episodes of the fight, are also portrayed on the canvas.

New Books.

Essays on English Surnames; by M. A. Lower.

As the derivation of English surnames is, in part, a history of the English language, a perusal of these essays, therefore, will so far give distinctness to historical reading, and at the same time they will form an intelligent commentary on our older poets and writers generally. The author, in his etymological researches, has not only displayed considerable antiquarian learning, but he has enlivened a dry subject, to most readers, with many a good story and facetious anecdote.

The Young Scholar's Manual of Elementary Arithmetic; by Thomas Carpenter.

THE object of this little work is to render the intricacies of arithmetic easily understood by the young; with this view, the author has judiciously avoided a redundancy of rules and an unnecessary multiplication of examples, leaving what can be taught with more effect orally to the explanation of the teacher. It is not unlikely but this *Manual* will become as well known, ere long, as the author's *Scholar's Spelling Assistant*.

The Salamandrine; or, Love and Immortality. By Charles Mackay, author of "The Hope of the World," &c.

IF we may judge from the effect it had upon ourselves, no poem has issued from the press, of late years, equal to this: the perusal of it so kindled our fancy and warmed our feelings, as to recall to our memory those states of mind which the reading of Southey, Campbell, Scott, and Byron, produced "when our bosom was young." The whole phantasm is under the guidance of an enlightened judgment, and the beautiful is magically blended with the wild and fantastic. The versification is admirably managed, varying in measure and rhythm with the changes in the subject—at times it is most exquisitely melodious.

With regard to the origin and subject of the poem, the preface says—

"It may be necessary to state, for the information of those who are unacquainted with the fancies of the Rosicrucians,* that the poem is founded upon a passage in the Rosicrucian romance of the 'Count de Gabalis,' by the Abbé de Villars, a book to which we are partly indebted for the charming poem of 'The Rape of the Lock,' and for the sweet story of 'Undine,' by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. The author

* For some account of their philosophy, see *The Mirror*, May 21, 1842.

is fully aware of the similarity of his own story in some respects to that of 'Undine'—the primary idea in both being the efforts made by a lovely elemental spirit to gain an immortal soul by means of love. But the pretty water-nymph of the German author differs from the Salamandrine, inasmuch as she has no soul at all until she is beloved by a mortal; she is a sweet, silly, capricious creature—whereas the heroine of the following has a soul with as great, or even greater intelligence than that of man, and her misery, in knowing that her soul dies with her, is therefore the more acute. She knows the value of immortality, which Undine does not."

The poem is commenced by a description of ten thousand men asleep upon the snow, amidst a hundred watch-fires, on the night after a battle:—

- "And one fire, brighter than the rest,
Mounts cheerily on high,
And weaves pale wreaths of curling smoke,
Fantastic to the sky.
Fivescore men are stretch'd around—
So weary worn are they,
They could not sleep a sounder sleep,
If on elder-down they lay,
With sheltering draperies of silk,
And sheets and blankets white as milk.
- "One of the sleepers is a youth,
Of twenty years, not more,—
His lineage high, his bearing proud,—
And the name his fathers bore
Was never stain'd by sire or son,
Or any that came before;
He is the captain of the band,
And he sleeps among the rest,
On the cold damp ground,
With his mantle round,
And his hands upon his breast.
- "Sir Gilbert has a manly form,
His eyes are mild and blue,
His hair hangs down upon his neck
In curls of auburn hue;
And his hand is prompt to gallant deeds,
Where duty calls or honour leads.
- "He hath a vision in his sleep,—
His eyes seem closed in slumber deep,
And yet he sees the greenwood smoke,
And hears the flames that roar,
As they meet and twist,
Uncurl, resist,
And mingle as before.
- "And in the fiercest of the heat,
He sees a youth and maiden sweet;
Unscorch'd amid the fire they stand,
And hold each other by the hand;
The harmless flames around them play,
In hues of purple, gold, and gray;—
They mount, they fall, they leap, they twine—
And then in showers, like scatter'd wine,
Rose-red, the rushing sparks descend,
As the bright pair towards him bend;—
While he looks on with lips asunder,
And holds his breath in fear and wonder.
- "Oh, richly fell the flaxen hair
Over the maiden's shoulders fair;
On every feature of her face
Sat radiant modesty and grace;
Her tender eyes were mild and bright,
And through her robes of shadowy white
The delicate outline of her form
Shone like an Iris through a storm.

"The other was of sterner mould,—
A frown of mingled scorn and pride
Made him less lovely to behold
Than the sweet maiden at his side;
But on his broad and manly brow
Did majesty abide;
And he looked a demi-god sublime,
Or a Titan of the olden time."

In soft and gentle tones, "the maiden sweet" bewails the miseries of man: she is recalled to their own sadder condition by her brother Porphyry, who feels no slight contempt for man in his present existence, yet envies his immortality; he laments that though their own being is purer and far more powerful than that of humanity, and, that though their existence is not bounded even by a thousand years, it will be utterly extinguished, unless, indeed, they are beloved by some of the human species. However, at the dawn, the vision flies, and Sir Gilbert prepares to meet the foe. Peace at length having arrived, the youthful warrior journeys homewards—he is overtaken by a thunder-storm, his horse is frightened by the lightning, becomes unmanageable, and careers over the plain like a thing bewitched, till from exhaustion he rolls with his rider upon the ground. But soon he starts off again, leaving Sir Gilbert in a swoon—he is discovered and restored by Amethysta, the female Salamander, and guides him to her cottage—the youth is welcomed by Porphyry, who has now become a hunter of deer. Sir Gilbert now forgets his parents, his home, and Rosaline, his betrothed, and tarries in sweet dalliance with the lovely Amethysta. At length, however, after many protestations of eternal love, he proceeds on his homeward journey. Soon after he arrives there, he forgets Amethysta, and marries Rosaline, but the revellers at the marriage feast are startled by the appearance of an angelic form, who with downcast eyes makes straight to Sir Gilbert, and with a look of sorrow and reproach, leads him forth into the wilds, where she explains to him her nature, the sincerity and object of her love, and the misery which he will bring upon himself and her by his infidelity. As she ceased, the forest became bright with unearthly light, which is peopled by the spirits of fire; Porphyry, their leader, with a fiery brand, nears Sir Gilbert, to strike him to the dust—the blow is averted by Amethysta; but the avenging hand of her brother is laid on her faithless lover, who becomes decrepit, old, and blighted. He makes a painful effort to return to his father's hall, but now he is unknown and shunned by those who loved him most; he painfully retraces his steps into the woods, to hide himself from the light of day and the eyes of his fellow men, when he is in danger of dying of thirst, so tortured is he with burning heat. Having quenched his thirst with difficulty, he is attacked by a band of hungry wolves, and too

weak either for resistance or flight, he yields to his fate—their teeth are in his flesh;—an old hag, with torch in each hand, drives the wolves away, carries him to her cave, heals his wounds, and allays his thirst. She loves a blazing fire, over which she discoursed of the spirits of the air, the fire, and water, and of Amethysta's love, which was the only subject which relieved Sir Gilbert's pain. But as the fire lessened, so her tongue failed; and Sir Gilbert, who loved her discourse, though painful the exertion, cut down wood in summer's heat and winter's cold, to replenish the fire. At last, by years of sorrow, he proves the sincerity of his repentance, and the purity and unchangeableness of his love; and Rosaline, who with his father and mother believe him dead, is married to another. Sir Gilbert all at once is restored to youth and strength; and "the beldame old," who was Amethysta herself, resumes her loveliness; Porphyr and his legion of spirits appear to bless the union of his sister with Sir Gilbert, and vanishes for ever; and Amethysta henceforward partakes of the humanity of her husband.

This is but a feeble outline of a story, a perusal of which in the beautiful cantos of the author cannot fail to charm the most unpoetical reader.

Miscellaneous.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH BUSH-RANGERS IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

BY AN OFFICER.

IN the month of April, 1838, it became known that three convicts, named Palmer, Regan, and Atterell, were at large, and having obtained arms, had committed a series of depredations upon the settlers. One of their first exploits was an attack upon a public-house, where they made prisoners several men, whose hands they tied, and then compelled them to drink a quantity of wine and spirits. A man, named Morley, became partially intoxicated, and having exasperated one of the banditti by comments upon his conduct, the ruffian shot him dead. From thence they proceeded to one of the largest establishments in the colony, taking with them certain of their prisoners to carry the plunder, &c. Not far from the house were five of the farm servants at work in a field, who were ordered to lie down, but they refused, and two of them ran off to alarm the inmates, receiving on their way, though fortunately without effect, several shots from their opponents. Regan then advanced to the front of the building, and demanded that the door should be opened; while Palmer (who shot Morley, and was the leader of the band) went round a corner to reconnoitre. The latter had no sooner

shewn himself, than a shot from a window laid him prostrate; upon which Atterell went up to the body, took the arms, and with Regan, who then became the leader, quitted the premises.

When it is borne in mind that all this took place in the day-time, with no less than sixteen men on or about the premises, the coolness and daring of this small band may be readily conceived.

The robbers were pursued, but, through some mismanagement, suffered to escape.

The boldness of this attempt created not only a powerful sensation, but universal alarm; and the circumstance of Regan and his remaining comrade having with them a number of "pressed men" gave rise to reports which induced a belief that the band consisted of ten or twelve, instead of two.

Regan was afterwards joined by Banks, a fine youth born in the colony, and Davis, who had been a sailor; and having first visited three other residences, from which they took whatever plunder they thought useful, they proceeded to a public-house five miles from Richmond, where they paid for the wine drank by themselves and their prisoners, but not for the provisions they carried off.

Previous to entering the house, they forced in six or eight men whom they had secured on their way, and afterwards tied seven more, who were in different rooms. The motive for thus thrusting in their prisoners before them was obviously for the purpose of protecting themselves in case of the people within being prepared, as the sudden rush might lead the latter to fire upon those individuals who first appeared; or, at all events, cause confusion. The plan for securing their prisoners was to compel one to bind the others; after which, one of the Bush-rangers tied him, the rest of the band remaining prepared to fire if any resistance was offered. At night, these desperadoes slept on one side of the fire, with a sentry to guard the fire-arms, the "pressed men" lying secured on the other.

When approaching a house, the latter had their arms tied behind their backs; but on other occasions were as well treated as circumstances permitted, both with regard to the supply of food, &c., and attention to their comfort in other respects. Near the public-house in question was the residence of a Roman-catholic, whom they obliged to give them a prayer-book and some flour, paying him for the last its full value.

Crossing afterwards the Coal River, Regan reached a hut, where he exchanged his carriers for other men whom he secured; and then passed several hours at the house of a settler, making prisoner every person he found there, and compelling the owner to supply the whole party, including servants, with wine.

As Banks had been severely wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun, a horse was taken to convey him; and Regan then commenced a retrograde movement, as he declared, with the intention of retiring to some spot where his party might remain unmolested until his companion recovered. It seems that, while descending the Brown Mountain, Banks was rather in advance of Regan, when the latter stumbled, and his gun going off, the ball passed through Banks' thigh, near the knee. It is surprising no more accidents happened, for their guns and pistols were kept cocked, and continually went off. Regan, with a view to save his companion in crime, gave out subsequently that he shot him because he attempted to escape. In justice to this desperate man, I may here observe, that he appears to have evinced great consideration for his wounded associate: so true it is that mankind, however wicked, possess in most instances some redeeming quality.

Parties of military and constables were from the first sent in pursuit of Regan, but without success; nor was it known with certainty to what part of the island he intended to proceed after the death of Palmer, until he robbed the public-house near Richmond. On receiving information of the last from the police-magistrate, I left my station at Green Ponds, with a corporal and three privates of my regiment, two constables, and two convicts who had volunteered their services. We marched first to Jerusalem, not the Holy City, but a trifling village, where the establishment is for those convicts who, from their various maladies, are unable to perform work of a laborious nature; and situated on a spot devoid of every charm, the environs consisting of sombre hills clothed with forest, or a small farm where the nature of the land admits of one. The direct distance from Green Ponds is about seven miles, but to avoid the "scrub," we had to proceed by a circuitous route of fourteen. It was quite dark when we reached the only inn, the pretty landlady of which seemed fully convinced the Philistines were upon her. On discovering who I was, a matter, by reason of my rough disguise, not easily ascertained, (my party were also dressed in prisoner clothing,) she gave us a hearty welcome, and a good supper soon smoked upon the board. If destiny should lead any of my military friends to Van Dieman's Land, it is hoped they may feel no repugnance to mutton, as this is almost the constant fare, flanked sometimes by a piece of salt pork.

Quitting Jerusalem, I struck at once into a forest, and came to a stock-keeper's hut, where an intelligent lad informed me that Regan's party had rested the preceding evening, after robbing his master's house, and taken a horse, as already stated, to carry

the wounded man. Although at this time twelve hours had elapsed since their departure, I did not despair of overtaking them: and accordingly, with the lad for a guide, got upon their track, which I followed six miles, when we lost the trail in a gully, called the Musquito Corners, which conducted us to the Brown Mountain. This is the most lofty portion of a range near the Coal River, and forms the eastern barrier of the valley through which that river flows to Richmond.

From the summit we beheld a vast tract of country; yet the view, notwithstanding it doubtless possesses a peculiar attraction, does not make upon the mind that impression so commonly left by an extensive prospect elsewhere. Here are seen no precipices rising at once above the fertile vale, no towering peaks surrounded by everlasting snows, Nature assuming an aspect as devoid of her sterner features as of the beauties which harmonize so delightfully with the former in more favoured climes. The cultivated spots, in themselves seldom presenting much to admire, are usually of small extent; while the similarity of the mountain tiers to each other produces a monotony that soon fatigues. Even where a scene excites some degree of admiration this is rendered transient by the almost entire absence of water, and the feeling of sadness caused by the apparently boundless solitudes around. It is chiefly on the coasts that one must look for the picturesque, many of the bays and inlets being highly interesting.

My motive for ascending the Brown Mountain was to ascertain if a fire could be discerned in the gullies; but having remained several hours on the summit without perceiving any indication of a bivouac, I directed each of my party to carry a bark torch, and descended to the house of the settler whose horse had been taken, arriving there about midnight. The difficulties of a march down the steep sides of the mountain in the dark, and over ground strewn with dead limbs of trees, or rough with loose stones, may be more easily imagined than described.

By seven o'clock in the morning we were again at Jerusalem, from which we had been absent twenty-two hours, during which time we marched full sixty miles. Here I allowed my party a repose of six hours, to recover the fatigue resulting from so long a walk over such a difficult country; and then moved on to a farm six miles from the village, where we remained from six in the evening until the moon rose, which was about half-past one on the morning of the 19th. About an hour after our arrival we heard a shot, and the farm-overseer, notwithstanding that the night was intensely dark, rode four miles through a forest, and

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returned in rather more than four hours. But in these colonies both horses and riders perform wonders. With respect to the former, I once followed a stock-horse, whose rider was endeavouring to drive home a bullock, and observed that the animal was permitted to gallop with a slack rein, its instinct alone appearing to guide its movements. As the bullock turned, so did the horse, which at length drove the other to the place intended.

In wild-cattle hunting, also, the horse displays astonishing sagacity and endurance, following these fleet, and not unfrequently dangerous creatures, up and down hills, for hours together, while the spectator momentarily expects to see a tremendous fall; yet the same horse, if on a high road, would, in all likelihood, be soon at his devotions.

From the farm in question, we continued our pursuit fifteen miles further, to a hut inhabited by a man named Tucker, who, from his being one of the best guides in the colony, I had reason to believe would be secured by the Bush-rangers, the more particularly as they had, for the first time, started without one. It will be subsequently shewn that I was right in my conjecture.

Arrangements were already made to avoid mistake or confusion amongst my own men, and two watchwords established—one for the advance, to intimate that some person was approaching; the other, that the Bush-rangers were at hand: one man walked about fifty yards in advance, the rest keeping ready to aid him, if requisite. We had had, during our pursuit, numerous false alarms, especially through the absurd practice, too generally adopted, of discharging guns at night—with the intention, it is presumed, on the part of those guilty of such folly, of shewing they were on the alert. This, though extremely harassing, had the effect of admirably drilling the men into a knowledge of their respective duties. It may seem strange that four men, though armed, held in subjection so many persons as they sometimes had with them. Regan's measures, however, were well adapted for the hazardous service he had undertaken: his plan was to select some fitting object—for instance, the most timid—and frighten him as near death as possible. An example of this was shewn at the hut where we eventually captured his band, in the person of a half-witted being, who acted as assistant to the stock-keeper. Regan, going up to him, said, "I am a constable, in search of absconders; do you know where they are?" "No," answered the man, "I do not, or I would soon take them myself." But when he heard the deep and powerful voice of his interrogator shout in his ears, "Go on your knees, you scoundrel—I am Captain Regan!" he thought his days were numbered, and began to cry. During no less

than six hours was this poor wretch kept upon his knees, expecting each moment to be hurried into eternity, until the entreaties of Tucker induced his tormentor to permit him to lie down.

Regan's system of attacking a habitation was first to ascertain the number of persons belonging to it, by counting them when returning, at sundown, to supper, or else when leaving early in the morning; the "pressed men," employed as guides, or to carry the knapsacks, being then placed in front, and made to advance to the door, thus screened his own party, at imminent risk to themselves.

It was about three o'clock in the morning of the 19th when we reached Tucker's hut, and, to our great satisfaction, we observed a light. The weather, which until the last half hour had been lowering, gradually cleared, and the moon shone forth in all her brilliancy. This was provoking, for the back windows commanded a view of our approach. After a pause, however, three of our party volunteered to advance in that direction—and men more cool or determined I never saw: these were Private Cockburn, of the —; Peacock, a constable; and Buckley, a convict. The last was transported to this colony, remained some time, and became a constable. While in the Police, he and three others attacked two Bush-rangers, who were determined not to be taken alive; and a battle ensued, in which one constable and the two outlaws were killed, and Buckley wounded. For his conduct on that occasion, he obtained a pecuniary reward, with a free pardon, and went to Sydney—where his "ruling passion" again prevailed, and he was re-transported. He is once more free—a constable, and in charge of a party of six, who were lately in pursuit of another band of robbers, headed by a convict named Fisher.

Cockburn and the other two men advanced with their muskets cocked, prepared to return the anticipated fire: indeed, I fully expected, from the character Regan bore amongst his fellow convicts as a ferocious ruffian, that one, if not all of them, would be shot. It was fortunate the Bush-rangers adopted the resolution of shooting or securing them on entering the hut; for, if the latter had at first known there were more than three, they could, without exposing themselves, have easily shot these men from the back window. When I came up, they could not venture out, unless at great personal risk; and the consequence of thus finding themselves attacked on two sides was, as Tucker subsequently told me, a complete surprise. Three of my party, protected by a large tree, were now stationed about eight yards in front of the hut, round which Cockburn, Peacock, and myself, kept constantly moving, and the rest

were close to it. Regan and his companions had several opportunities of firing at Cockburn, Peacock, and me, but why they did not has never been satisfactorily explained: possibly, an attack of so unexpected a nature may have caused indecision. Still, one would have supposed that men who had, in several instances, displayed so much boldness, would resume, in some measure, their presence of mind. Their arms consisted of three double-barrelled guns, one short gun, a blunderbuss, and five pistols; they also took possession of a single barrel belonging to the hut.

On my calling to Regan, stating who I was, and threatening to blow him out of the hut if he did not surrender, and receiving no reply, I crept, by a previously concerted signal, to the front window, which I drove in with the butt of my gun, Cockburn doing the same by that at the back. The difficulty now was to prevent injury to the "pressed men;" as, though convinced that the Bush-rangers would keep on a separate side of the hut, lest by mixing with their prisoners they might be overpowered, I was doubtful as to their exact position. The soldiers and myself repeatedly called to those within to no purpose—the robbers declining to reply, and their prisoners being deterred by threats of instant death if they spoke. At length, I became for a moment completely staggered, for it flashed across my mind that these might be travellers paralysed by fear—particularly, as a cart, heavily loaded, was close by; and we had been repeatedly taken for the Bush-rangers before. Horrified at the idea of shedding innocent blood, I again went to the window, looked in, and said, "Tucker, you old blockhead! why don't you come out?" The light having been extinguished before I could see one of the inmates, but a clatter of guns, caused, as I believed, by alteration in the position of the Bush-rangers, induced me to draw back, though I was still averse to fire. My patience, however, becoming exhausted, I gave Cockburn instructions to fire, but not below a certain range, and to give notice before he commenced. This he did very deliberately, in a manner quite his own, calling out, instead of once, twice, &c., "Come out,—I am going to fire,—once!" which he repeated three times, and then kept his word. In the meanwhile, I placed myself at the opposite corner to watch the door, which suddenly opened, when out rushed Tucker, frightened almost out of his senses. One second later, and he would assuredly have been shot, my finger being actually upon the trigger. On my directing him to lie down, he told his name, and threw himself upon his face. Never had I seen the effect of fear more strongly exhibited than in this man, who had equal reason, while inside, to dread both friends and foes.

It appears that Tucker, availing himself of a favourable opportunity, crept under a bag of wool, and, with this novel shield, slowly approached the door, and thus escaped all further danger.

The door being now open, and not easily closed, except a person ventured to expose himself to our fire, I went towards it, thus encountering greater danger than I was aware of, one of Regan's party having evidently seen me—for I remarked the barrel of a gun gradually projecting in my direction. It was two or three times withdrawn, apparently in consequence of the person who held it discovering the impossibility of taking proper aim, and of himself being secure from a shot. Cockburn likewise observed the gun, and his warning cry—"Take care, Captain,—that fellow is going to shoot you,—he is armed,—they are all armed!" elicited from our men a general cheer, as they no longer doubted that the Bush-rangers would soon be in our power. A brisk fire was now kept up, by three of our men on the one side, and Cockburn on the other; but, perceiving the smoke did not rise, I ordered a cessation, and again called to Regan, who then permitted his prisoners to quit the hut. These caused much trouble through their extreme fear, which rendered them incapable of attending strictly to my instructions; and one was nearly shot in consequence of his not going at once to where the others lay. Having got out six men, to secure whom occupied some time, and once more summoned Regan to surrender, my party requested leave to storm the hut, but this I refused. The firing was then recommenced; and I learnt that Regan had been grazed on the neck by a ball, and Davis three times in the back. Buckley at last walked to the door, and said—"If you are men, why don't you turn out and fight?—or, if you won't fight, give it up!" Another man, named Shannon, one of our guides, shewed great courage by placing himself in view of the robbers, and watching for Regan, whom he would certainly have shot, if his gun had not several times missed fire. Regan had some narrow escapes; for, when Palmer was shot, a bullet struck a post against which he was standing, and another passed close to his head.

Thinking it useless to persist any longer in firing through the hut, I directed a quantity of straw to be ignited, when Regan called for quarter, and desired I would walk to the window (having previously made the same request four or five times), to afford him an opportunity, as he said, of speaking to me: this, of course, I declined, though I assured him he should not be injured. After much parleying, and a variety of efforts to obtain some advantage, he surrendered at discretion. To frustrate

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any attempt at treachery, I made each of his comrades come out upon his hands and knees, and quite naked. Their leader, objecting to this mode of exit, was permitted to retain the erect position, with a blanket over him. He proved extremely troublesome,—affected to act the hero,—and freely gave his opinion of our proceedings. He likewise repeatedly said he wished he had been shot,—a wish we had nigh gratified, for one of the soldiers requested me to remove the cap from a gun, and concluding that I had done so, he slightly touched the trigger, when the piece went off, the ball passing close to Regan's head.

Having by eight o'clock secured our prisoners and the plunder found in the hut, the former were sent in to get their breakfast, while I remained outside. Soon afterwards, I heard one of the prisoners say, "Take Captain Regan's compliments to Captain M—, and I shall feel much obliged by his lending me a clean shirt:" to which I replied, I had but one in my knapsack, and that was reserved for myself. The answer seemed to please him, and he remarked that, under the circumstances, he would not trouble me. This was Regan's last endeavour to maintain his dignity as a captain of Bush-rangers; for, when shortly afterwards he was placed in a cart with his companions in guilt, he from that moment resumed his ordinary character.

We had occupied sixty-one hours in the pursuit, and marched ninety-seven miles; and the reader may easily imagine I was not a little satisfied at the termination of my rambles. From the hut we proceeded to Richmond, thirty miles, and deposited the prisoners in goal, and I passed the night, myself, at the cottage of the police magistrate. On the following day, I continued my route to Hobart Town, where I was finally relieved of my charge.

The four robbers were afterwards tried and received sentence of death; but Davis, from a doubt of his having been a free agent, was respited. The other three suffered the extreme penalty of the law. It is greatly to be regretted that Regan's entire statement, or confession, was not taken down; nor do I comprehend why the person who questioned him objected to take his accusations against the settler from whose service he absconded, as these might easily have been suppressed, if untrue. The consequence was, that Regan peremptorily refused to go on with his statement, merely remarking,—they would know all when he was dead. Thus was lost an opportunity of gaining some probably useful information respecting those places where Regan found a refuge before his movements became generally known. A cave was mentioned by Davis, not only made comfortable as a

residence, but well supplied with a variety of the necessaries of life.

In these colonies, caves are found in the sandstone which afford dry and by no means comfortless abodes; and one near Richmond is said to have been occupied by a notorious Bush-ranger, named Michael Howe, who for years was at large, committed several murders and innumerable robberies, and finally met the fate he deserved, being killed in an attempt to capture him. Everything considered, it is surprising that, comparatively speaking, so few convicts are at large, and that robberies are not more frequent; for in a country like this, there are numerous places where a small party might remain concealed, with slight chance of discovery.

Regan's intention was to have escaped from the island; to accomplish which he proposed to seize some vessel: but why Banks joined him has not been ascertained. Atterell had been a remarkably well-conducted convict servant until he frequented a sly grog-shop in his master's neighbourhood. Something occurred which induced him to abscond from the Richmond district. He had passed for a free man for many months in the Campbellton district, under the name of Thomas, working at his trade as a bricklayer. He was pressed by Regan and Palmer; and, being afraid to return to his residence, voluntarily joined them.—*United Service Magazine.*

THE COMBAT OF GOTTLIEB, THE SAXON, AND SIR COLAN, THE BRITON.

DEEPLY shrouded in the gloom of departed time is one of the histories connected with Dupath Spring, near Callington, in the county of Cornwall. It was the site of a fierce combat, the scene of heroic enterprise and deeds of noble daring, for a lady's love. It is well some monument yet remains, replacing that which she, the disconsolate, raised to bear witness how nobly and how well her knight had combated in her behalf. It was at Dupath Spring that he met his rival, who was not the beloved of her for whom he came to challenge the mortal combat. He had neither known her in that verdure of youth, when, if an attachment of the heart be formed, it hangs like the cherished dream of some lost delight upon the spirit, only to strengthen itself by recurrence, and to deepen the sadness of the recollection. Gottlieb was a Saxon, wealthy indeed, and sufficiently proud, while from his rank he was entitled to ask the daughter of the noblest baron in the land; but he was not qualified with the "prevailing gentle art," which is sovereign in winning the love of woman.

Sir Colan had known the lady in his

earlier years, but had presumed no farther than to be satisfied he was viewed with eyes of strong partiality. In possession of little wealth,—which circumstance was sufficient to render hopeless the consent of the father of his mistress,—after exchanging vows of constancy with her, he went abroad, for the purpose of seeking both fortune and reputation, through the perils and hazards of war, according to the custom of the time. Sir Colan obtained both fortune and reputation, returning home full of hope in the smile of her whom he loved better than life. On his arrival, he was informed that the hand of his beloved mistress had been solicited of her father by Gotlieb, and that it had not been refused, although the maiden expressed her repugnance to the marriage. There was only the alternative of challenging his adversary to prove his right, according to ancient practice; and this alternative was embraced by Sir Colan with joy. The time was fixed, the place of the combat was appointed near Dupath Spring, far from the eyes of the multitude; for few were those permitted by the consent of the combatants to be present. The contest was fierce and long; for both were skilful in the use of arms. Sir Colan received the first wound, which rather seemed to inspirit than discourage him. As if nerved with fresh energy, he pressed his adversary so vigorously, that he inflicted upon him a severe wound, and by a second effort drove his sword between the joints of his armour, and slew him on the spot. He was not himself unscathed; his wound soon rankled, and the more from his impatience to make his mistress his own before the altar. This impatience retarded that which a more enduring disposition might have secured. Day by day his danger increased. At last he was informed that death must soon be upon him. They solicited him to send for an ecclesiastic without delay, to shrive his soul, and urged him to forget earth in the prospect before him of soon ceasing to be a partaker in the hopes or disappointments of the living. The wounded knight smiled, but made no other reply than that which has been so beautifully put into his mouth, in verse, by an elegant writer, but who gives the knight the name of Siward:—

" 'Bring me,' he said, 'the steel I wore
When Dupath's Spring was dark with gore,
The spear I raised for Githa's glove—
Those trophies of my wars and love.'

" Upright he sat within his bed,
The helm on his unyielding head;
Sternly he lean'd upon his spear—
He knew his passing hour was near.

" 'Githa, thine hand!' How wild that cry!
How fiercely glared his vacant eye!
'Sound, Herald!' was his shout of pride—
'Hear how the noble Siward died!'

England in the Nineteenth Century.

JULY.

By the author of "Spartacus," "Regulus," &c.

THE clean-raked fields resume their green attire;
The flocks, close-shorn, o'er downs and meadows
stray;
Men, birds, and beasts, to coverts calm retire;
Nature resumes by night, and pants by day.
The stately swan, to shun the noontide blaze,
On lake and river, in their isles or creeks,
Leading her cygnets to their verdant maze,
The breezy shade and grassy coolness seeks.
The foremost fruits are tempting ripe, to treat
The present thirst, or pile their fragrant wreath;
Currants, and berries rich, and cherries sweet,
A vintage that invigorates the health!
While pungent scents of lavender and flowers,
Ma Mignon—Eglantine—revive the drooping hours.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

THE following is the account, published officially by the Austrian Government, of this remedy:—

A schoolmaster named Lahé, residing on the boundary between Hungary and Turkey, where the military colonies are located, having established a reputation for curing hydrophobia, the Austrian minister of war, to whose department the government of this territory belongs, instituted an inquiry, and two hydrophobia patients were placed under the care of the physician of the forces, until their lives were despaired of: they were then entrusted to the schoolmaster, and cured. A liberal reward was given to this person, and he is to receive an adequate remuneration from the government, if, after two years' exercise of his remedy, under the surveillance of a physician, his discovery is proved to be successful.

Treatment in the early stage of the disease.

—When the first symptoms arise, the mouth must be examined, and beneath the tongue the venæ veninæ, or sublingual veins, will be found turgescence. This turgescence is at first confined to the neighbourhood of the frenum; and it appears under the form of black spots, resembling the heads of flies; but later, the disease having developed itself, the swelling affects the whole of the veins. At this period the following treatment is to be adopted:—The tongue is to be grasped with a wooden fork, and inverted, and the sublingual veins to be opened with a lancet. The tongue, when liberated, is to be allowed to bleed until it ceases of itself; then the first dose of the remedy is to be given; three-quarters of an ounce of the gentiana cruciata is a maximum dose; the root being first pounded, and then macerated in water, so as to form a thin paste, is to be given every morning for nine days; at the same time the wound is to be treated in the following manner: when fresh, it is to be washed with the spirit of rosemary, and then a poultice is

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to be applied, composed of two portions of rye flower, and one of juniper-berries, mixed with the strongest spirits of wine, to form a paste; if the wound is closed, it must be opened and scarified.

Treatment in advanced stages of the disease.

—When the disease has already reached its most violent paroxysms, the patient being properly secured, one ounce of the root is to be administered; and to do this, a strait waistcoat must be put on, and two strong men employed to overcome his resistance. His mouth must be opened with two wedges of wood, the nasal air passage being hermetically closed, until he has swallowed. If after three hours the paroxysms continue to return, an entire root must be introduced into the mouth, and secured there until bitten away and dissolved. The sublingual veins are to be opened at the first lucid interval, and after the bleeding is over, a little broth may be given. After this the patient, in general, will take a little water without opposition, and fall into a gentle slumber for eight or ten hours; when he awakes he is cured.

During sleep, mucus is secreted in the mouth, of the consistency of the white of egg, of a slight yellowish colour; it is very adhesive, and ejected with difficulty. It is important the patient be made to throw up this phlegm. This secretion characterizes the three first days of the malady, and great care must be taken to remove it, principally before the remedy is administered.

When the bleeding has not been sufficient, it may be resorted to again, after five days, in violent attacks, and the decoction again given, in case of a slight relapse, after nine days; during this treatment, an aperient is to be given every three days.

The root gentiana cruciata is an abundant natural production, another proof of the infinite mercy of the Almighty to supply a remedy for so dreadful a malady, and it appears to be His will to impart the knowledge of those simple remedies rather to the poor peasant than the savans. The most valuable of our specifics was discovered by an Indian, who, in a violent attack of ague, chanced to drink the water of a stagnant pool, where there were many branches of the chincona tree, another bitter, though differing so much from the gentians.

We poor ignorant creatures think half the events of our lives are brought about by chance. The believer knows there is no such thing, and the poet has well expressed it in a single line—

"All chance, direction, which thou canst not see."

Every event of the *thinking* man's life must prove this to him. It is with the deepest feeling of happiness I make this remedy

known, as far as it is in my power. It may be well worth the attention of our talented medical men; and if it prove really a cure, I shall indeed rejoice I became acquainted with it.—*My Last Tour and First Work.*

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

(From the German of Ferdinand Brunold.)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

ALONE there sits an old man within his knightly hall;
The goblet stands before him—his fathers deck the wall;
The wine he cannot relish—nay, sure a tear-drop ran
Adown the pallid cheek of that old and lonely man.

His hands are dry and wither'd; a single rose they bear—
A rose that long has faded,—upon it falls the tear.
Yet o'er those pallid features a smile of pleasure creeps;
Unwillingly and slowly, thus speak his aged lips:—

"You promised when you gave me this token,
Lady mine,
This rose so fair and blooming in holy Palestine—
I then was Jesu's warrior—I found you in your youth;
You gave the rose of Jericho, the token of your truth—

"Oh yes, 'twas then you promised, my bosom's only choice,
Love sparkled in your eyes, sweet, and trembled in your voice—
You promised I should see you, when others all were gone,
And I was left, an old man, forgotten and alone.

"Again, love, I shall see you—your own lips told me so,
When, though we loved so truly, we parted long ago:
This was to be the token, the true, undoubted sign,
The rose should once more open, in warm and glowing wine.

"And now I am an old man, oh shew yourself at last—
For thus the rose of Jericho into the cup I cast!
The wine shall glow more warmly, the rose once more be young!
Then hasten back, you dear one, whom I have miss'd so long!"

His wither'd hands, that tremble with joy and yet with awe,
Still nearer and still nearer the goblet slowly draw;
The lamp alight he places—it will but dimly shine;
And then the rose he kisses, and drops it in the wine.

Behold! the wine is sparkling—the rose a perfume gives,
And more and more expanded are swelling forth its leaves.
Fix'd on the rose and goblet the old man's eye is gleaming—
It is hope's joyous lustre that in his eye is beaming.

And fuller, ever fuller, the fragrant rose-leaves blow;
And gladder, and still gladder, the old man's features glow.

* This poem was born at Pynitz, in Pomerania, in 1811.

The radiance is increasing, the light has fill'd the room,
—There stands the rose, unfolded, amid the goblet's fume!

Back in his chair the old man has slowly sunk at last.
He long is left unheeded—"tis thought he slumbers fast;
But in the morn his servants have found him leaning, dead—
The rose is in the goblet, still blooming, fresh, and red.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE HEROES OF JELLALABAD.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

THE following is from the letter of a young officer in the division of Sir Robert Sale, and seems worthy of notice from the interesting evidence which it gives of the fine spirit which animates our troops. The letter is dated the 27th of April, 1842, and refers to the battle of the 7th, in which the gallant Dennie fell:—

"We had received intelligence the day before that General Pollock had been beaten back in the Khyber, and the report was confirmed by a salute of twenty guns fired from Mahomed Akhbar's camp. In this emergency, nothing remained for us but to sally out and fight a battle, and under cover of the terror which would be produced by victory, to march down to the Khyber, and fight our way to Peshawur. Our loss would have been tremendous, but I am fully persuaded that the colours of both the regiments would have arrived in safety. We marched out at break of day in three columns; the right consisted of the sappers and miners, one company 13th Queen's, and one company 35th Native Infantry; the centre was the 13th Queen's, and the left the 35th Native Infantry. The guns and cavalry were formed in rear of the centre. About 750 yards from the gate there is a ruined fort, which Akhbar had repaired in a rough way, and garrisoned with 200 men, picked Ghilzies.

"As everything depended upon the rapidity of our movements, it had been arranged that the columns were to leave this respectively to their right and left, and push on without loss of time to our main object—the camp of the Sirdar. The guns were set to work; but before they had had time to do anything, a cry arose of 'A breach! a breach!' and the assault was ordered. Colonel Dennie, on his white Arab, rode to the head of the column, and said, 'Thirteenth, I have led you often before, stand to me now!' And up they went to the wall; it was twelve feet high, thickly pierced with loopholes, and not injured by the guns. Dennie rode to within five yards of the wall, and was immediately shot through the body; he fell from his horse

mortally wounded. The 13th went up with a most devoted gallantry, and a hand-to-hand struggle commenced through the loopholes, the Affghans laying hold of the muzzles of our men's muskets, and they in their turn seizing the matchlocks. The men were dropping in great numbers when Sale ordered a general advance to be sounded. Our column had moved on to a considerable distance ahead of the others, and was kept halted all this time. The enemy's cavalry seeing us in a measure isolated, came down at the gallop. We immediately formed squares, and made ready to receive them. Our position was a capital one, as one side of the square rested on a walled garden, which enabled us to strengthen the other three sides, and the space between us and the walls of a ruined fort was so narrow that in reality only one side of our square was exposed to an attack from formidable numbers. The heavy fire which we opened made them pull up at a decent distance. Their leader, however, was not to be stopped; he galloped impetuously down upon us, spear in hand, and knocked over the man at the corner of the square; he passed round two sides of the square apparently uninjured, and I thought he was going to escape, when I saw him fall headlong from his horse, pierced with five balls. I have his lance, and shall keep it to my dying day as a trophy of the fight. On seeing their leader fall, his horsemen turned tail and galloped away. When the advance was sounded, we at once re-formed in column, and prepared to move on. As bugle after bugle took up the sound, the troops, white and black, set up a cheer, which made the hills ring; on hearing that cry, I said to myself, 'These men are resolved to come back victors or die on the field.' Mahomed Akhbar now came on with about 2000 cavalry; the sharp and well-directed fire of our infantry skirmishers had staggered them not a little, but now that the nine-pounders came into play, they were absolutely bewildered. It was perfectly impossible for them to keep together. A dozen of them could not collect in a knot, but down came the iron storm upon them, scattering them right and left, and crushing horseman and horse in its progress. They commenced galloping wildly about in all directions, but they could find safety nowhere. In the meantime our columns moved steadily on, and we gradually approached Akhbar's camp. All of a sudden a loud boom was heard in our front, and a round shot came whistling over our heads; it was succeeded by a second, and then by a third. Our men gave another cheer, and there was a smile on every face, which said as plain as words, 'These were once our guns, and by the blessing of God they will soon be ours again.'

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The enemy continued their cannonade, but few and far between were the shots, and as badly directed as even my mother would have desired. Not so our battery, which now concentrated nearly all its fire upon the spot from which the enemy fired their guns. Our infantry continued to advance, and when we reached their camp, we found it deserted. The great prizes were the guns; we found them all together—one horse artillery six-pounder; one horse artillery twelve-pound howitzer; one mountain howitzer; and, lying upon the ground, the Sikh gun, which Colonel Wild had lost in the Khyber Pass on the 24th of January. We remained in the camp for about two hours, and burned all the tents, and then returned, dragging the guns in triumph to the city. On our way we received a letter from General Pollock, saying that he had given the Khyberies a sound thrashing, and had forced the dreaded pass; and we soon afterwards learned that Akhbar had fired his yesterday's salute on hearing of the murder of Shah Soojah by a son of Nuwaub Zemaun Khan. We all, however, blessed the lucky false tidings which had caused us to gain this glorious victory, and enabled us to boast that we had raised our own siege three times."

SWISS SCENERY.

THE snowy peak, the waterfall, the glacier, are but the wonders of Switzerland; her beauty is in her lakes—the blue eyes of this Alpine land. The most beautiful passage of scenery in Switzerland is, to my mind, the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, from Vevay, or from Lauzanne to Villeneuve. Scenery more sublime may be found on the lakes of Lucerne, Zug, Brienz; but in the pure, unmixed sublime of natural scenery there is a gloom, essential perhaps to it, which cannot long be sustained without a weariness of mind. Here the gay expanse of water is enlivening; and the water here is in due proportion to the landward part of the scenery—not too little, nor too much, for the mountains. The climate, too, under the shelter of the high land, the vegetations of various climes upon the hill-side before the eye at once, have a charm for the mind. The margin of the lake is carved out, and built up into terrace above terrace of vineyards and Indian-corn plots; behind this narrow belt, grain crops, orchards, grass fields, and chestnut-trees, have their zone; higher still upon the hill-side, pasture grass and forest-trees occupy the ground; above rises a dense mass of pine forest, broken by peaks of bare rock shooting up, weather-worn and white, through this dark-green mantle; and last of all, the eternal snow

piled high up against the deep-blue sky—and all this glory of nature, this varied majesty of mountain-land, within one eye-glance! It is not surprising that this water of Geneva has seen upon its banks the most powerful minds of each succeeding generation. Calvin, Knox, Voltaire, Gibbon, Rousseau, Madame de Staël, Lord Byron, John Kemble, have, with all their essential diversities and degrees of intellectual powers, been united here in one common feeling of the magnificence of the scenery around it. This land of alp and lake is indeed a mountain-temple reared for the human mind on the dull, unvaried plains of Europe, to which men of every country resort, from an irresistible impulse to feel intensely, at least once in their lives, the majesty of nature. The purest of intellectual enjoyments that the material world can give is being alone in the midst of this scenery.—*Notes of a Traveller, by Samuel Laing.*

The Gatherer.

An American Physician's Cure for Lethargy.—A very curious case of lethargy, occurred, says Dr. Briggs, in New Brighton. The patient has created a great sensation, and kept his funeral waiting the last ten weeks. About two years ago, he was seized with absence of mind, and couldn't tell, for six months, whether he was awake or asleep. Then he went to sleep, in right down good earnest, for three weeks, and awoke in a very exhausted state. Absence of mind again for six months, and then slept for seven weeks, waking a complete skeleton. Then he dozed on for several months, all the faculty, far and near, exercising on him, but they could only make him open his eyes and shut them again. At last I thought of a powerful remedy. I obtained two Chinese gongs, and made a communication between them and the patient's ears with copper wire, helically coiled with silk; put his feet in boiling hot water; let off a shower-bath of iced water on his head; galvanized his two shoulder bones; put mustard plasters on his back and chest, and poured a strong decoction of brandy and sarsaparilla down the thoracic duct—two students, at the time, beating Washington's march on the gongs. In less than two minutes, he opened his eyes and awoke, but was very weak, and complained of a pain in all his joints. We repeated these stimulants daily for some time, and partly cured him; but soon after he went to sleep again, and he can never recover—he is too weak.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

A great meeting of kings and potentates will take place on the Rhine in the autumn. The Emperor of Russia will attend.

Repartee.—The Rev. Doctor M'C—, minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining in a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of cresses being presented after dinner, Dr. M'C—, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and, as he ate with his fingers, with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with—"Dr. M'C—, ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar;" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetable devourer replied—"Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating among the brutes!"

A New Tribe.—At a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Murchison, the chairman of the evening, stated that a gentleman employed by Government, in ascending the river Juba, in Africa, from east to west, had fallen in with a considerable tract of country, inhabited by a race of pigmies, not exceeding four feet in height, with very curious views of religion and government, and exactly resembling the type of Herodotus.—*Brighton Gazette.*

A Russian Thrashed.—On Friday evening, as a gentleman was proceeding along the Hertford-road, Kingsland-road, he observed a fellow on a horse strike a woman in a donkey-cart with a whip over her head, and attempting to repeat it, but having only a halter on the horse, he could not get sufficiently near. She endeavoured to keep him off by hitting his horse with her whip, when a gentleman called out and arrested his attention; upon which the fellow, advancing towards the gentleman, with the foulest language, threatened he would serve him the same. The gentleman told him nothing could justify him in assaulting a woman in such a manner, when he again, with the same foul terms, threatened he would serve him the same if he would come out of his chaise; upon which, the gentleman jumped out, and the fellow immediately commenced an attack on him, by striking him with a whip. The gentleman, however, planted a blow between his eyes, which felled him to the ground; and on his getting up, he was met with a right and left hand hit, which brought him down again; and the gentleman then wrenched the weapon from him with which he attacked the woman, and thrashed him with it till he cried out for mercy, and the bystanders said—"Don't kill him!—but he richly deserves all he has got."

A presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III., performing public worship in the Tron Church, at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer:—"Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh!"

Decision.—To be weak or undecided, in death as in life, is to be miserable. The firm of faith do not die—they set out upon their journey to the promised land, and only change one state of existence for another.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Prussian Smokers.—A Berlin letter states that the police ordonnance, interdicting smoking in the streets or public promenades in that capital, produced, on the 8th instant, a scene of great disorder. As the good people of Berlin are great smokers, many have been arrested and punished for violating this injunction; and on the day above mentioned some people, who were smoking near the Hamburg Gate, were also taken into custody. Upon this the populace assembled and rescued them. A reinforcement of the guard was sent for, and these were assailed with stones and other missiles, which was continued until a stronger military force was called in, and cleared the streets.

Fame not necessary to Happiness.—High renown can as little be the possession of many as high station; and if Heaven had appropriated happiness to it, it must have left almost all mankind in misery. It has, in this as in every other instance, dealt more equally with those whom it has raised into glory, and those whom it has left obscure. Each has appropriate enjoyments; and while guilt alone can be miserable, it scarcely matters to virtue whether it be known and happy or happy and unknown.—*Dr. Brown.*

The Queen's Barge, the most venerable and substantial specimen of boat-building we have of about 250 years ago, has been brought down to Woolwich dock-yard from Deptford, and is now at the boat-house there, for the purpose of being refitted. It is said to have been constructed for the use of Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of James the First, and the most accomplished prince of his age, who died in 1612. It was in this boat the remains of the immortal Nelson were conveyed up the river when the solemn and imposing spectacle of his funeral took place.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.